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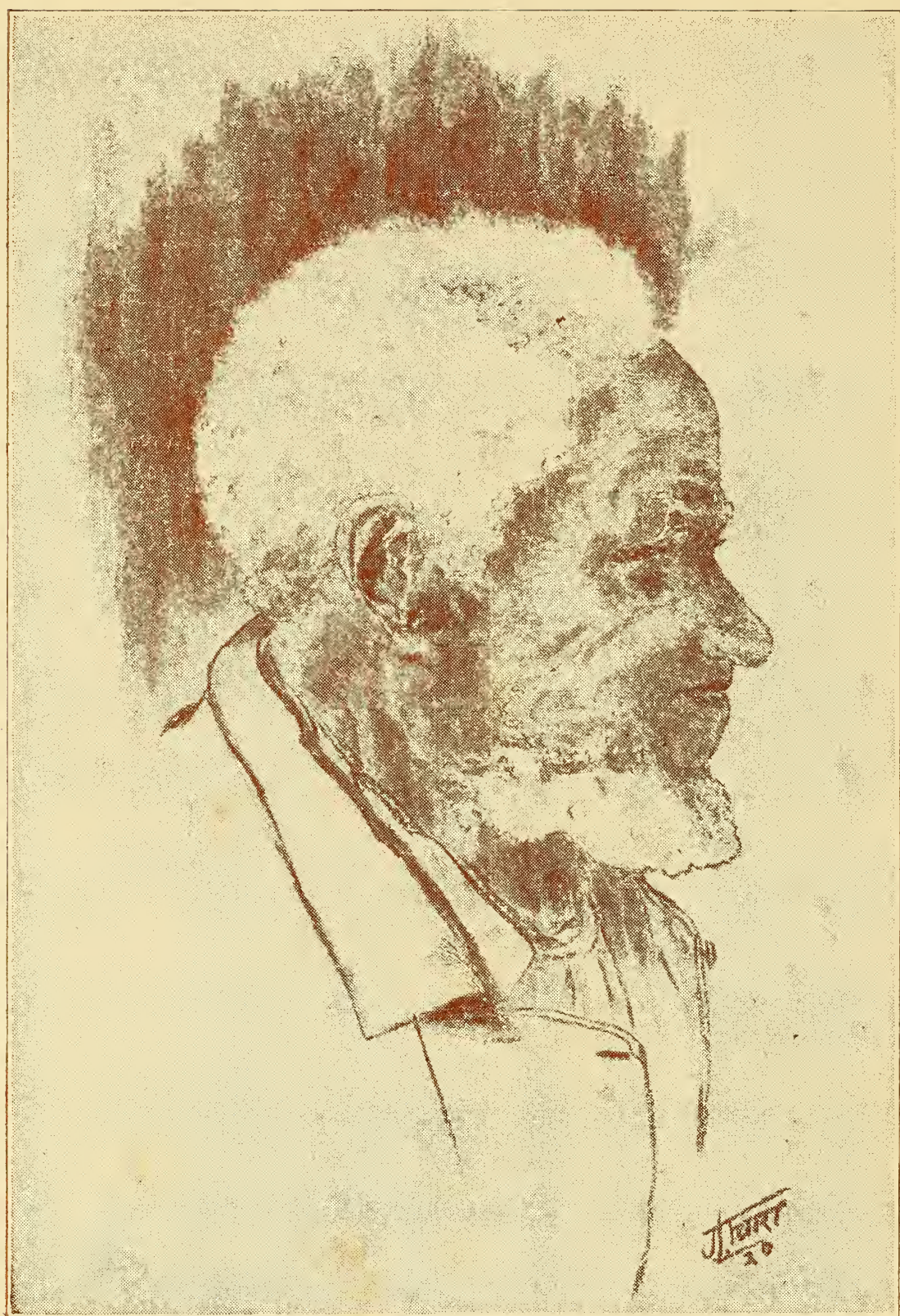


ENEAS AFRICANUS









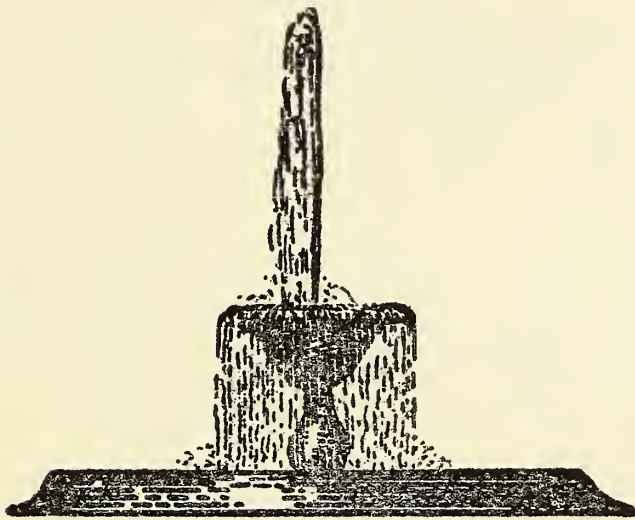
ENEAS AFRICANUS, *the fast vanishing type*



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# ENEAS AFRICANUS

*By Harry Stillwell Edwards*



PUBLISHED AT MACON, GEORGIA  
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BY  
HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

## *Author's Preface*



DEAR to the hearts of the Southerners, young and old, is the vanishing type, conspicuous in Eneas of this record; and as in a sidelight herein are seen the Southerners themselves, kind of heart, tolerant and appreciative of the humor and pathos of the Negro's life. Eneas would have been arrested in any country other than the South. In the South he could have traveled his life out as the guest of his "white folks." Is the story true? Everybody says it is.

THE AUTHOR







# ENEAS AFRICANUS

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WHO HAS THIS CUP?

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MAJOR GEORGE E. TOMMEY ADVERTISES  
FOR HIS SILVER CUP

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Editor *Telegraph and Messenger*,  
Macon, Ga.

Dear Sir: I am writing to invoke your kind assistance in tracing an old family Negro of mine who disappeared in 1864, between my stock farm in Floyd County and my home



place, locally known as Tommeysville, in Jefferson County. The Negro's name was Eneas, a small grey-haired old fellow and very talkative. The unexpected movement of our army after the battle of Resaca, placed my stock farm in line of the Federal advance and exposed my family to capture. My command, Tommey's Legion, passing within five miles of the place, I was enabled to give them warning, and they hurriedly boarded the last southbound train. They reached Jefferson County safely but without any baggage, as they did not have time to move a trunk. An effort was made to save the family silver, much of it very old and highly prized, especially a silver cup known in the family as the "Bride's Cup" for some six or eight generations and bearing the inscription:

*Ye bryde whose lippes kysse myne  
And taste ye water an no wyne  
Shall happy live an hersel see  
A happy grandchile on each knee.*

These lines were surrounded with a wreath and surmounted by a knight's head, visor down, and the motto: "SEMPER FIDELIS."

This cup was hurriedly packed with other silver in a hair trunk and intrusted to Eneas with verbal instructions as to travel. He drove an old-fashioned, flea-bitten, blooded mare to a one-horse wagon full of forage and carried all the Confederate money the family left, to pay his expenses. He was last seen, as I ascertained soon after the war from a wounded member of my command, about eight miles southeast of Atlanta, asleep in the wagon, the mare turning to the right instead of keeping the straight road to Macon.

Eneas was a faithful Negro, born and raised in the Tommey family and our belief is he was murdered by army stragglers and robbed of the trunk. He had never been over the road he was traveling, as we always traveled to North Georgia by rail, shipping the horses likewise. His geographical knowledge consisted of a few names—places to which I had at different times taken him, and in the neighborhood of my home, such as Macon, Sparta, Louisville, and the counties of Washington and Jefferson. If given a chance to talk he would probably confine himself to “Lady Chain,” the mare he was driving; “Lightning,” the noted four-mile stallion temporarily in my possession; the Tommey family and our settlement, “Tommeysville.” On these topics he could talk eighteen hours a day.



I have no hope of ever seeing Eneas again, for if living he would have gotten back if he had to travel all over the South to do it, but there is a bare chance that the cup may be found, and I am writing to gratify my daughter, whose wedding day is approaching. All brides in the family, since 1670, have used this cup on their wedding days. If the cup was stolen, doubtless the thieves sold it, and if so, the holder may read these lines if they are given publicity. I am willing to waive any question of ownership and purchase the cup at the holder's valuation, if within my power; or, if unwilling to sell, he may loan the cup for a few days.

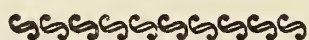
I shall be greatly obliged if you will publish this letter with a request that all Southern papers, daily and weekly, copy the same. Thanking you in advance and with all good

wishes for your happiness and prosperity, I  
am, most respectfully,

Your obed't servant,

GEORGE E. TOMMEY,

Late Major, Tommey's Legion, C. S. A.  
P. O., Louisville, Ga.



Althea Lodge, Fayette Co., Ga.

October 15, 1872

Maj. Geo. E. Tommey,  
Louisville, Ga.

Dear Major Tommey: I read with deep interest and sympathy your letter in the *Telegraph and Messenger* inquiring of a Negro named Eneas. This man, I am sure, came to my house about twenty miles south of Atlanta in 1864. I remember the occasion perfectly, because he mentioned your name and one of my boys was serving in your command. I



gave him shelter for the night and food for himself and horse. He insisted on sleeping in his wagon. He told me that the mare was famous on the race track and very valuable and he was afraid to leave her. This struck me as singular, at the time, because she seemed old and broken down. I did not see any trunk, but his wagon was full of hay and fodder and he may have had one hidden under it. Eneas asked me to put him on the road to Thomasville—or so I understood him—and I gave him explicit directions as far as Newnan, advising him to get more at that point. He was gone when I arose next morning. I do hope you will find the old man, as well as the cup. I took quite a fancy to him. He gave me a very vivid description of yourself—whom I had long wished to meet—and of your home, the twelve-room

house, lawn with its three fountains, beautiful lake and your hundred Negroes in their painted cottages, etc.

Excuse this rambling letter. Your name has stirred an old woman's memories.

Sincerely your friend,

MARTHA HORTON.

P. S.—My son, William, who served in your command, married a Connecticut girl. Think of it, Major! But she proved to be a noble-hearted woman and has influenced him to give up tobacco and stimulants in every form. He travels this territory for a New York house. His wife is well connected, and one of her ancestors came over in the Mayflower. She is with me now and sends you her regards. Billy has convinced her that next to General Joseph Johnston, you were the bravest man in the Georgia armies. M. H.

Talbotton, Ga., Oct. 18, 1872.

Major George Tommey, Louisville, Ga.

Sir: Read your letter in the *Columbus Enquirer*. I kept a livery stable here in '64 and saw the man you are hunting about that time. He drove a broken down old speckled grey mare he called Lady Chain, now that you mention it, and claimed she was in foal to "Lightning," the great four-mile horse. I took this for a joke along with some of the fairy stories he gave me about the Tommeys, but he was so polite and humble that I let him stay over night in the stable. Offered to pay me next morning and seemed like he had about a bushel of Confedrit money; but I was long on Confed myself and didn't let him put any more on me. Don't remember seein' any trunk. He was on his way to



Thomasville, so he said, and I giv' him as much directions as he could carry.

Very truly, WILLIAM PETERS.

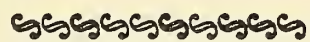


Thomas County, Oct. 19, 1872.  
Major George Tommey, Louisville, Ga.

Dear Sir: My wife remembered your old Nigger as soon as she read your letter in the Macon paper, and so did I when she called it to my mind. He was a big talker all right, and sat on our back steps half the night talking about the Tommeys, their race horse, twenty-room house, yard with six fountains, and a whole tribe of Niggers. We fed him, and he slept in his wagon. Next day he wanted to pay me in Confederate money; was using a corn sack for a pocketbook, and it was most full. He moved on to Thomasville, about six miles from here, but I don't think

it was the place he was looking for. I reckon it must have been "Tommeysville" he was looking for. Major, I took a good look at Lady Chain and you ain't lost much if you never get her back, but if you don't find the Nigger, you've lost the champion liar of Georgia. I hope you get him back, but it's hardly possible a man talking like he did could last seven years on the public road.

Respectfully, ABNER CUMMING.



Thomasville, Ga., Oct. 19, 1872.

Hon. Sir and Major:

Your man, Eneas, came to my home in Thomasville, in the winter of '65 or the fall of '64, in great distress. He said he had traveled a thousand miles to get to Thomasville, but it wasn't the right Thomasville. He had no idea of states, geography or direction,



claimed he had lived in Jefferson County, next to Washington County, and as this describes two counties across the line in Florida, several people at different times had sent him over there. I gave him a letter to a friend over in Jefferson County near Tallahassee. He had an old grey mare he said was a famous race horse, but she didn't look it. Claimed she was in foal to the celebrated "Lightning," whose four-mile race in the mud at New Orleans I witnessed. I thought the old Nigger was loose in the upper story. He had no trunk when here.

Very truly,                      ANDREW LOOMIS.



Tallahassee, Fla., Oct. 20, 1872.

Major Geo. E. Tommey, Tommeysville, via  
Louisville, Ga.

My Dear Sir: Eneas, your old Negro, whose

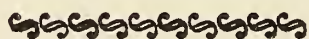
name I had forgotten until I read your letter in *The Atlanta Constitution*, was on my plantation near here in '65. He came here, very blue and utterly discouraged, from Thomasville, Ga. Said he was looking for a little Thomasville owned by Major George E. Tommey. He brought a letter from a friend of mine. There are no Tommeys in this county and no Thomasville, and not knowing what to do with him, I passed him along to Colonel Chairs, a friend in Washington County which is on the gulf coast. Chairs wrote me that he had had a great deal of fun out of Eneas. The gulf astonished him. He declared solemnly that he knew he was in the wrong Washington, because there were no oranges, or scrub palmettoes, or big, green spiders (crabs) in his, and the water had no salt in it. Eneas talked a good deal of Ma-

con and Louisville, and there being a county and town so named, besides another Thomsville, to the north in Alabama, Chairs started him up that way. I am truly sorry the old man came to grief. He was a harmless old fellow, though a picturesque liar, as are many old Negroes when they talk of their white folks.

It is possible that Eneas had a trunk, but I have no recollection of seeing one in his possession.

Yours very truly,

RANDOLPH THOMAS.



Louisville, Ala., Oct. 28, 1872.

Major G. E. Tommey, Louisville, Ga.

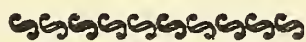
Sir: A ole nigger name of enus come by hyar in the firs yer atter the war with er old mare and er colt he claim was by the lightnin.

He was lokin for a tomusville an I tried to show him the way back to tomusville, in Georgia, but he got mad and wanted to fight me, and if he hadn't been er ole man I would have busted him open. Mr. tommy, you wont never see yo nigger no more less he mends his way of acktin when you are tryin to help him.

Respectfully, sir, yours,

POMPEY WILEY (Colored).

He lef hyar for Macon County.



Barton, Washington County, Ala.

Major G. E. Tommey, Louisville, Ga.

Dear Sir: Your Negro, Eneas, came to my place in this county in 1865, I think, from a little village named Thomasville to the northeast. He was very poor and his pathetic story appealed to my sympathies. I let him



have some rations and a piece of land and he planted a cotton crop. He married a young mulatto woman on my place that year, and when he left here about Christmas, 1866, carried with him a young baby besides the old mare and her colt. The colt, by the way, was a beauty.

Eneas was a puzzle to me, though I have lived among Negroes all my life. His stories of you and your place were marvels. But for the fact that he held the mare and colt in your name, refusing dozens of offers for the latter when in dire need, I should have put him down a reckless romancer. He began preaching here among the Negroes and proved to be a most eloquent spiritual advocate. He claimed to be the pastor of a big congregation at home. I heard him on one



occasion when he baptized forty converts and was thrilled by his imagery and power.

Eneas knew nothing of geography beyond the names of a few towns and counties. Hearing of a Macon and Louisville over in Mississippi, he gathered his household goods into his wagon in December, '66. I do hope you will yet find him. Suppose you make inquiries through the African Methodist Church—he ought to be a bishop by this time.

Very respectfully,

JAMES TALLEY,

Attorney at Law.



Sunshine Parsonage,

Washington County, Mississippi.

Major Geo. E. Tommey, Louisville, Ga.

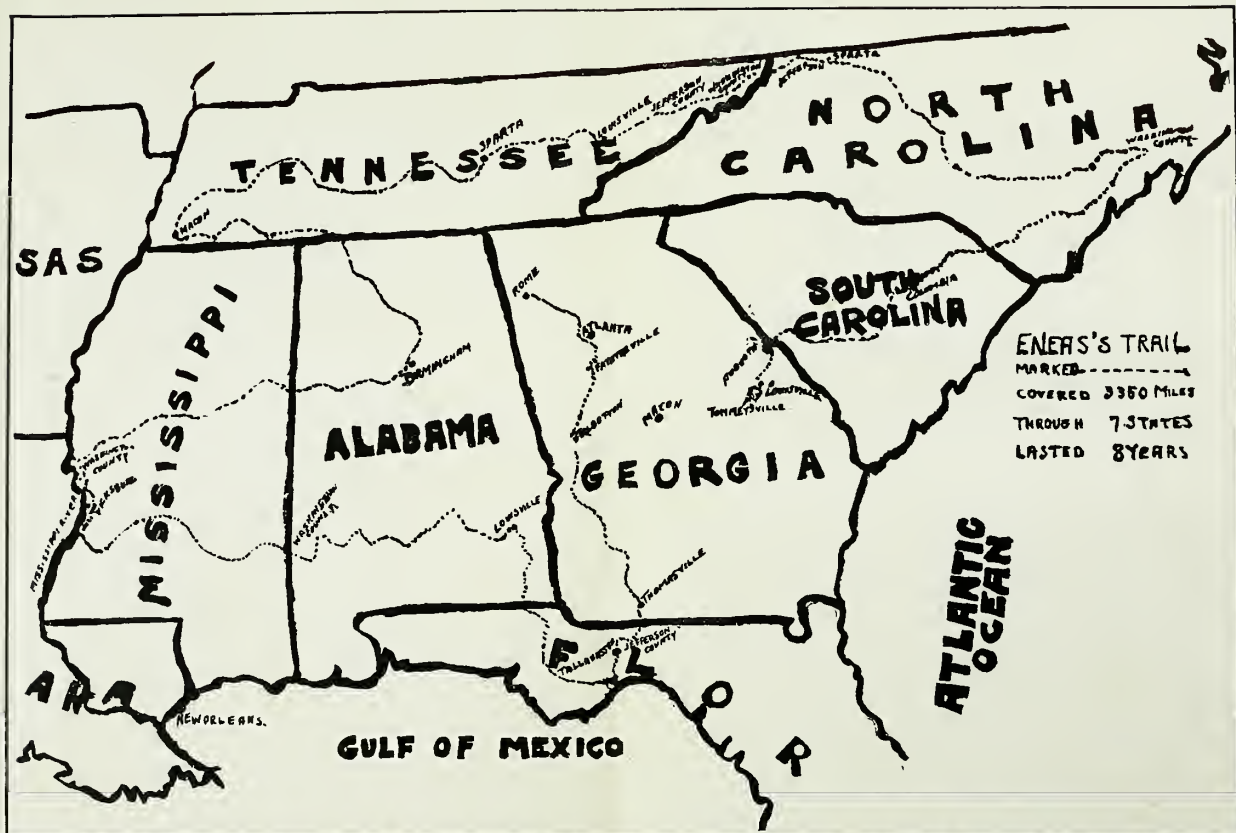
My Dear Sir: I was greatly interested in your letter copied into our county paper from

the *Telegraph and Messenger*, concerning Eneas Tommey. He was here in 1868 or 1869 with a wife and several children. They came in a one-horse wagon drawn by an old grey mare he called Lady Chain and followed by a splendid young colt he declared was from celebrated racing stock. An almost worn out pass from his mistress, Mrs. Tommey, though it bore no date or address, saved the old man from arrest. His story, that he was lost and on his way home, though remarkable, was possible, and he was not molested. The narrative of his wanderings interested me greatly. He came up the river — the Mississippi — from Jefferson County, trying to find a ford. He had heard of a Washington parish and a Thomasville in Louisiana, and was trying to reach them. He rented a piece of land near here and raised a









Eneas, it is said, started near Rome, Ga., in 1864 and arrived at his destination near Louisville, Ga., in 1872. This map will enable the reader to trace him.



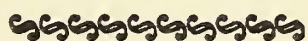
crop, leaving in 1869 for Jefferson County, Alabama. I gave him a letter to a minister in that county.

Very truly,

(Rev.) JOHN SIMMS.

P. S.—I regret to say that after leaving here, Eneas, though an active minister of the Gospel, suffered the young horse to be entered in a county race. I understand that he won about \$75. Allowance, however, must be made for the old man's necessities and distress

J. S.



Idlewilde, Jefferson County, Ala.

October 26, 1872.

Major Geo. E. Tommey, Louisville, Ga.

My Dear Sir: A Birmingham paper to-day gave me the explanation of a mystery that has puzzled my family for several years,

when it reproduced your letter to the *Telegraph and Messenger*. Eneas — or the Rev. Eneas Tommey, as he called himself—came here in 1869 with a grey mare and a splendid young horse, which he claimed was of marvelous speed, and a letter from a friend of mine in Mississippi. He also brought a wife and two children. To the latter he added a third before leaving. My daughter was greatly interested in the old man's remarkable story and made an effort to help him. She took down a letter to you, which he dictated, made seven copies of it and sent one to every Thomasville in the South. They all come back to her. By good luck she retained one for her scrap book, and I enclose it that you may see how the faithful old fellow was trying to reach you. He stayed around here farming and preaching until 1870 when,



hearing from a horse trader of a Macon and a Sparta in Tennessee, he moved on. He had no trunk with him, and I am afraid your cup is gone.

Very truly,  
(Rev.) AMOS WELLS.

P. S.—I am informed that Eneas participated in a horse race in Birmingham after leaving here and won a great deal of money.

A. W.

The letter of Eneas enclosed in that of Rev. Mr. Wells:

Marse George: I am loss in er distric called Yallerhama, by a town name o' Burningham. Ef you knows whar Burningham is, fer God's sake come ter me fer I can't git ter you! Me and Lady Chain is plum wore out.

Marse George, I been ter firs one an' den

ernuther Thomasville, year in an' year out, tell thar ain't no sense in hit. An' I ain't hit de right one yit. Ev'y yuther place is name Thomasville er Macon er Washington er Jefferson. Everybody knows whar I want er go but me, an' shows me de road; but all I kin do is ter keep movin. De firs Thomasville I got to I got back to fo' times. Hit was harder ter loose it than hit was ter find it!

Marse George, I come ter one pond I couldn't see ercross an' de water warn't no count. The last Thomasville was out most ter sundown an' I was headin' fer ernuther when I struck er creek a mile wide an' Lady Chain couldn't wade hit, so we turn back.

Marse George, Lady Chain's colt come, back in the secon' Jefferson, an' he sholy is old Lightnin's colt; long-legged, big-footed

an' iron grey. I been tryin' him out hyar an' thar an' thar ain't nothin' kin tech him.

Marse George, I got ernuther wife down in de third Washington an' am bringin' her erlong. She weighs one hundred and sixty, an' picks fo' hundred pounds er cotton er day. She b'longs ter you, same as me an' Lady Chain an' de colt.

Marse George, er horse trader goin' by told me erbout some more Macons an' Spartas an' Jeffersons an' Washingtons up de country fum hyar an' ef I don't get word fum you by nex' month, I'm gointer move erlong.

Marse George, ef you knows whar I is fum dis hyar letter an' can't come yo'self, sen' fer me. I'm sick o' de road an' wanten git home. Do somp'n an' do hit quick!

Yo' ole nigger,

ENEAS.

Macon, Tenn., Oct. 30, 1872.

Maj. George E. Tommey, Louisville, Ga.

My Dear Sir: Eneas was here in 1869 or 1870 and remained about a year preaching at Mt. Zion and other places in the county. I do not know when I ever met a more original and entertaining talker. His description of your colonial house with its forty rooms, white columns and splendid parks has aroused in me a strong desire to visit the place if I am ever able to come to Georgia. I know it must have suffered from the ravages of the war, but doubtless enough remains to show its former magnificence. I am especially anxious to see the great lake with its flock of swans, and the twelve fountains on your lawn. My mother is a Georgian and I have often heard her describe the natural beauties of the State. There is a feeling with us all



that at last it is "home" and that some day we shall all assemble in dear old Monroe County where Grandpa was born.

Eneas brought with him to this place a grey mare that was, he said, a famous race horse, and that the father of her colt was the greatest horse in the world. I had forgotten their names until I read your letters. Eneas insisted that you live at Thomasville next to Washington and Jefferson Counties, and near a town named Louisville. There are towns and counties of the same names in this State and he left to visit them. He seemed to have plenty of money. I hope you will hear from him yet, but I am afraid the trunk is gone. He had none when here.

Sincerely yours,

MARY ADKINS.

Louisville, Tenn., Oct. 27, 1872.

Sir: Don't you worry about old Eneas. He came here in or about '70 with a grey mare, a long-legged race horse; a young wife and three children, and give out that he was a minister of the Gospel. They stayed on my place and there were four children when they left. He was a preacher all right, 'cause I heard him time and again, but all the same he was the biggest liar in Tennessee at that time, and that's a great record for any man. Major, if half he said about you and your place is true, you ought to be President. You must have owned all the Niggers in Georgia, and your home must be spread over all three of them counties he has been looking for ever since freedom. About that Lightning colt—he certainly looks it. Eneas slipped him into a free-for-all up here and him and a strange

white man about busted the county. I offered him \$500 for the colt, but he said your price was \$20,000. Considering you had never seen him, I thought that a little high and him and me didn't trade. Next day he was gone. I was away from home when he left. He owed me twenty dollars I had advanced him, taking a lien note on the crop. He sent me word that if the crop didn't pay out to send you the bill. Said he had plenty of money to pay the note, but didn't have time to wait for it to come due. Oh, you Eneas! Say, Major, if he ever gets back, and he will for you can't lose that kind of man for good, better nail down everything movable — including them twelve fountains.

Yours,

TOM JOHNSON.

P. S.—I say; twelve fountains.

P. S. S.—Forty-four rooms! Gosh! is the Legion still with you?



Washington County, N. C., Oct. 20, 1872.  
Maj. George E. Tommey, Louisville, Ga.

My Dear Major: Your old Negro has been on my plantation for about a year farming and preaching and romancing. He came straight through Tennessee and North Carolina, touching Sparta, Louisville, Washington and Jefferson Counties in the former, and the towns of Jefferson, Sparta and Macon in this State before he found me. I am affectionately known all over this section of the State as "Major Tommy," and as the old Negro was looking for "Major Tommy," somebody put him on my trail. He soon had me treed, but was greatly disappointed when he saw me. However, that did not keep him from



paying me a year's visit. Eneas is a queer character—wisdom of the serpent and simplicity of a child. His story, probably growing with age, like the stories of some of our veterans, has beguiled many a lonely hour for me, but not until I read your letter in the *Richmond Dispatch* did I give him credit for many facts in it. The young race horse is certainly a fine animal and should you decide to sell him I trust you will give me the refusal. Eneas won several purses up here in local races. It seems he has a new name for his horse everywhere he goes. He says it keeps him from getting "too common." When Eneas was not plowing or racing, his favorite occupation was preaching, his subject usually being the wandering of the Hebrews in the desert. He left here for Jefferson, S. C. I am sorry to say I heard no men-

tion of your lost cup, and if he had any trunk I was not informed of it.

With regards for yourself and all good wishes for the young bride, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

THOMAS BAILEY.

(Late) Major 13th N. C. Volunteers,  
C. S. A.



Extract from *Columbia* (S. C.) *Register*,  
October 27, 1872:

One of the surprises of yesterday's races came in the free-for-all two-mile dash, which was won by "Chainlightning," entered by an old Negro man calling himself Eneas Tommey, who claims the horse was sired by the celebrated stallion Lightning, and that the dam, which he drives to a one-horse wagon on his way to Georgia, is "Lady Chain." She

was certainly a tired looking old lady. Eneas arrived late and at once attracted attention by his unique appearance and his limitless faith in Chainlightning. His story and the splendid horse interested some stablemen and after a private demonstration they succeeded in getting him entered and a rider engaged. In the get-off Chainlightning took the lead and gave a marvelous exhibition of speed. He led the bunch by a hundred yards at the end of the first mile and by nearly three hundred at the end of the second. He was then going strong and the efforts of the rider to stop him resulted in a runaway. When he came around the third time the crowd blocked the track and brought him to a standstill, but his rider was thrown. Eneas won \$200. It is not known how his backers fared, but it is supposed that they cleaned up

a good pile on the side. Eneas left yesterday, going toward Augusta, Ga. It was suggested afterwards that this may have been the man advertised for in the *Telegraph and Messenger* by a Major Tommey, of Louisville, Ga., a few weeks ago. The matter will be brought to his attention. One reason for the sudden departure of the old Negro, who had become quite a hero among members of his race, is said to be a movement to elect him to the State Senate.



Louisville, Ga.—(Correspondence *Macon Telegraph and Messenger*, Oct. 31, '72.)—Your correspondent on Thursday last was the favored guest of Major George E. Tommey, the famous commander of the Tommey Legion, which rendered conspicuous service to the Confederacy as a part of Johnston's—



afterwards Hood's—army, in the Tennessee and North Georgia campaigns. The Major lives about twelve miles from this place at Tommeysville, as his plantation is called. His delightful residence is one of the old-fashioned, two-story houses with broad hall and verandahs and two large wings, and is situated in a beautiful grove of oak and hickory. The broad lawn in front abounds with roses and among them is a tiny fountain with a spray. Beyond the house lie the barns and the Negro quarters and a small artificial lake where ducks abound. Sherman's army missed the charming spot and the only suggestion of the "late unpleasantness" is the Major's sword crossed with the colors of the Legion over the broad fireplace at the end of the hall.

The occasion of your correspondent's visit was the marriage of the Major's only daugh-

ter, Beauregarde Forrest, to Mirabeau Lamar Temple, of Dallas, Tex. The bride, a petite brunette of great beauty, entered life eighteen years ago, inheriting her mother's name, but by the act of the Georgia Legislature this was changed in honor of the two heroes of the Confederacy, dear to the heart of her illustrious father. The groom bears the names of two Georgia families long ago transported to the Lone Star State and is an attorney of great promise.

The wedding supper was charming in its simplicity and homeliness, using the word in its original sense. The broad back-porch between the two wings was closed in with smilax and the feast was spread on a great homemade table twenty feet in diameter. Seats were placed for forty. Such a display of delicacies and substantials has not been

seen in this section since the good old days before the war. The low growing ferns and cut flowers of the decorations—there by the hundreds—did not hide the guests' smiling faces. Wine, the famous scuppernong of the Major's own vintage, was the only stimulant visible, for the Major and his good lady are almost total abstainers. When the guests were seated a grace was pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Thigpen, and fun and merriment broke loose. Toast after toast was given and sentiment and the poets were interspersed with songs from the family Negroes assembled in the backyard by a gigantic bonfire. Some of the songs were of exquisite harmony and pathos. Freedom, so far, had brought but little of brightness into the lives of these humble people.

A dramatic situation that will one day en-



ter into a story, came during the supper festivities. A sudden excitement among the Negroes was followed by cries, some of merriment and some of fear, and by a stampede of the juniors. In the red light of the bonfire an old Negro suddenly appeared, reining up a splendid grey horse. The old man was seated in a red-wheeled road cart, enveloped in a flapping linen duster and wore a silk hat. His "Whoa, Chainlightnin!" resounded all over the place. Then he stood up and began to shout about Moses and the Hebrew children being led out of Egypt into the promised land. Major Tommey listened for a brief instant and rushed out. The newcomer met him with an equal rush and their loud greetings floated back to us clear as the notes of a plantation bell: "Eneas, you black rascal, where have you been?"



“Oh, Lord! Marse George! Glory be ter God! Out o’ de wilderness! De projekin son am back ergin!”

“It’s Eneas!”, screamed the little bride, gathering up her skirts and rushing out. In the strong light, as the wedding party hurriedly followed, we could see the old Negro hanging to his master and filling the night with his weird cries. Catching the excitement, the Negroes around began to moan and chant, taking their text from the old man’s words.

“Where have you been, sir?” The Major was trying to free himself and choking with tears and laughter.

“All over de blessed worl’, Marse George! but I’m home ergin!—You hyar me, Niggers?—home ergin!—”

“Stop, sir!”

But suddenly the old man grew rigid in

the grasp of a momentous thought. His voice sank to a whisper audible to only a few of us:

"Marse George, wha's Nancy?"

"Nancy is dead, Eneas," said the Major, sadly.

"Thank God!", said the old man fervently.

"Where is my trunk, Eneas?" The old Negro was making a horn of his hands and giving the plantation halloo. With his eyes set on the banking shadows beyond the fire, he waited, an inscrutable smile on his wrinkled face. Presently into the circle of light came an old grey mare, drawing a wagon in which sat a yellow woman, hovering a small colony of children.

"I done brought you a whole bunch o' new Yallerhama, Burningham Niggers, Marse George! Some folks tell me dey is free, but I know dey b'long ter Marse George Tom-

mey, des like Lady Chain and her colt! Marse George, you oughter see dat horse—”

“Where is the trunk?”, repeated the Major, laughing and wiping his eyes. “Where did you leave it, Eneas?”

“ I ain’t lef’ hit,” said Eneas indignantly. “Git out o’ dat wagon, niggers, fo’ I bus’ somer you wide open!” The little colony fell over the wheels like cooters from a log, and drawing aside the hay that had held them, Eneas brought forth a time and weather-defying hair trunk. He heaved a mighty sigh of relief as he dropped it on the ground:

“Dar ’tis, Marse George, an’ I sho is glad to git shut o’ dat ol’ bunch o’ hide an’ har!” The bride danced and clapped her tiny hands: “My cup! My cup! Get it! Quick! O, please somebody, open the trunk.”

Major Tommey picked up an axe and with

one blow sliced off the ancient lock. From its snug nest in cotton batting, the bride lifted a shining cup, the cup, Mr. Editor, advertised in your columns a few weeks ago. A bucket rattled down in a nearby well and the bridegroom came with a great gourd of water. Then he read aloud the quaint inscription:

*Ye bryde whose lippes kysse myne  
An taste ye water an no wyne  
Shall happy live an hersel see  
A happy grandchile on each knee.*

The little woman accepted the challenge with the cup, and smiling up to the face of her husband sipped of the crystal draught and handed him the cup. He, too, drank, but the slight flush on the bride's face was nothing



to the fiery scarlet of his own, when a storm of applause greeted the act.

Eneas had drawn the Major aside and produced an old scrap pocketbook, stuffed with bills.

“Marse George,” he began, “de bag o’ yaller war money what dey gimme warn’t no good over yonner whar I been. Countin’ de c’llections I tuck up in de church an’ what I winned on de track wid Chainlightnin’ an’ ain’t spent—”

“Keep it, Eneas,” said the Major, almost exploding with laughter, and patting the old man on the shoulder, “that bunch of Burningham Yallerhama Niggers more than squares us.”

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Eneas Africanus  
*Defendant*



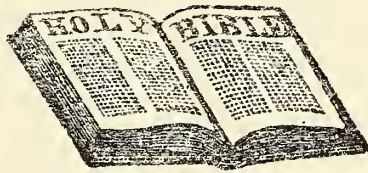


# Eneas Africanus *Defendant*

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*By Harry Stillwell Edwards*  
*Author of Eneas Africanus*

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HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

## *Author's Preface*

EVERY man is entitled to his day in court and herein Eneas gets his, literally. And it is a church court, the kind that sometimes dispenses with both law and equity.

The old time Southerners will appreciate the glee and happiness with which "Old Marster" rushes to the assistance of Eneas, his *vade mecum*, and provides distinguished advisory counsel. And his intense satisfaction over the result.

Is the story true? Of course this question is to come promptly. It is inevitable. This time the Author is able to give a positive answer;—it is; just as true as the story of Eneas Africanus. And of the latter there is no longer any doubt.







# Eneas Africanus

## *Defendant*

*By the Author of "Eneas Africanus"*

June in the late "Seventies", and an old Southern residence with portico and columns, drawn back into the shelter of friendly leafage, a glowing opal in the grown of night!

Through open door and window ways, blending with delicate incense of roses that clutter nook and corner and overflow carven mantels, creep in the languorous seductions of magnolia blossoms!

A generous banquet board set in an ancient hall of twin marble fire fronts, graceful arches and deep niches with antique bronze;—old linen of snowy whiteness, shining silver and the rainbow splendors of flaming prism in treasured vase and bowl!

And now let thought and inconstant eye meet where, at the center, in majesty stands the great white owl! Observe the wisdom of the wide, deep orbs, art-given,—each orb a gem,—idol of the club, presiding genius of the hour! Note the dainty cravat of spotless lawn,—the tiny boutonniere held debonairly with sheltering wing against immaculate breast! Say you not his is a presence?

And the oval of faces smiling into each other! Ladies and gentlemen of the world at large, permit that I introduce to you The Owls of Cherokee!



It was the annual guest night. At the side of each clubman bloomed one of the lovely women, the fame of old Macon nestling among historic hills. All ages were gathered there, the old South and the new, but in the dancing eyes of beauty and the smiles of proud men were the pledges of immortal youth.

Questioned as to the chief end in the life struggle of any Owl, the answer was always one word, "Pleasure," and the club motto, "*dum vivimus vivamus*", a happy blending of truth and wisdom.

Governors, judges, senators, generals,—men from all the upper walks of life, have supped with the Owls and departed with imperishable memories. On the occasion to which this record relates, the honor guest was a gentleman who carried his seventy years as lightly as he wore his smile, and whose laughing eyes looked down the long vista of the table searching with pleased success for the reincarnations of long gone friends in the faces that gave him back smile for smile. Ah! those faces!—curve of lip, gleam of blue eye and brown, sweep of mustache, arch of brow,—contour and profile, he saw them through little rainbows in a gathering mist.



Famed as a practitioner of splendid talents, a wider fame as *recanteur* and mimic carried his name far beyond the boundaries of the state. The moment for his opening words was awaited with impatient interest.

The evening had worn along enlivened with many a quip and jest and bit of verse carrying satire or compliment when the toastmaster's signal sounded above the hum of many voices,—a knife tap on the table. Then into the quick silence his voice:

“My friends, prepare for the mystic moment of the Owl!”

Silently every glass was filled, and every eye turned to the great clock under its especial arch. Of Cuban mahogany, almost black with age, it stood in stately dignity, its face eight feet above the floor, the hands of gilt in arabesque almost clasped above the Roman numerals of twelve. Across the glass disc at its



knee the pendulum of brass swung in solemn, tick-tock----tick----tock! So had it sounded when Calhoun and Webster and Haynes and Prentiss were thrilling the Western world with their eloquence; when rhythmic feet marched by to Mexico; when men in grey swept cheering on to Manassas; when the solemn drums voiced their homecoming; when their fallen chief alighted from the prison van down the street; and when in a grey house nearby the little Daughter of The Confederacy lay dreaming on her noble mother's breast.

But now the two hands blend and softly the swan song of a day's last hour floats over the silence;—eleven strokes and each a symphony. Then the climax! For on the stroke of twelve every glass was thrust upward and every voice uttered the guest's name, "Hugee!" It rang out in the great room like the crash of a rifle shot.

And the toastmaster added:

"The apostle of sunshine!" The guest smiled and bowed his thanks.

"Story! Story! Story!", greeted the gesture. Again he smiled; they were such children, these old friends made over. Presently leaning back in his chair, after the prescribed fashion of the true Owl who has a sentiment to express, he began:

"You have called me the apostle of sunshine, my friends; I thank you! There is no finer medicine in the range of our science! The world is beginning to realize it. The highest, truest life note is yet to be struck. The philosophy of it is not limited. The last and grandest society for grownup children is in the forming and the emblem of this wonderful union will be a sunburst, its colors the rainbow, its name, CHILDREN OF THE SUN."

"Who is a child of the sun?"

“He who at morn fronts the east, bathes his body and fills his soul with its pure light, radiates it all day long; and at eventide, with its glorious farewell in his eyes, closes them with faith in a bright tomorrow. Such a one is a child of the sun!”

“For such there is no gloom, and bearing none he sheds none!”

“There are no dark places; he illumines them!”

“His shadow is always behind him or under his feet!”

“He lives not in the cellar of his body, but in the front of his head with both windows open!”

“He is wandering sunlight, a satellite of our planet, a Little Brother of The Moon!”

“He is a life ray and the silent greeting of his approach is finer than any language.”

“Sorrow cannot eclipse a child of the sun!

Grief, nay tragedy cannot dim his radiance. Sunlight conquers the smoke of battle, woos the flower into bloom and the bird into song above the dead and by way of moon and stars brings the wanderer home!"

"The first toast of the first Chapter of the new order is on the ground. He was born for the honor and created for the office. The hour and the man have not yet met, but he is ready and waiting." The speaker beamed a broad smile upon the puzzled guests. All the fun in the world radiated from his brown eyes. "Need it be said that the reference is to that sunburnt Child of The Sun, Eneas Africanus, (cheers) *vade mecum* of my life long friend and neighbor, Major George Tommey, master of Thommeysville."

"Hear! Hear!"

"—and its twelve fountains—(cheers) its forty-four rooms"—(tumultuous applause).



"Newton was the greatest of philosophers until Eneas Africanus was born, but the man who only discovered the law of gravitation cannot measure up with him who has shown us how to resist it." (Hear! Hear!)

"Sunlight is the counterpoise of the Newtonian theory, and properly handled keeps humanity off its back; and it follows that Eneas Africanus is entitled to the freedom of the hall of fame."—

"Twelve halls!" shouted an Owl.

"-and a fresh chaplet every day."-

"Forty-four chaplets!" (Great laughter.)

"Away then with cap and gown and parchment. These belong to the feverishly active and unhappy; to men who discover useless poles, outlive office, plagiarize nature, turn up microbes and uncover mastodons. They are the gifts of the solemn whose blind solemnity is their only drollness, and hence

their only sunray! One hour of Eneas is worth a cycle of Athens! Away then with cap and gown! There is a finer raiment,—there is the sunshine!”

“Story! Story! Story!”, shouted the Owls. The Doctor laughed, threw up his hands and leaned back in his chair. “As I was about to say”, he began, “I received a letter from our friend, Major Tommey, a few months ago, sent by special messenger in a buggy, to my home near Sparta, which informed me that he was aching from head to foot and urging me to come at once. It was Sunday morning, but go I must; and so I entered the buggy, and in a few hours found myself at Tommeysville. The Major, much to my astonishment, came out on the porch, bright and cheerful as a sixteen year old; ‘Don’t get out’, he shouted, ‘I’m coming with you!’ He came, bringing his accumulated years lightly, more so perhaps than

his accumulated weight. Time within bounds is no match for the juvenile spirit, and the element of fun in the Major's composition still defied time triumphantly. It was nearly an even fight with the law of gravitation, but he drew his fat leg into the broad buggy on this July morning with a sigh that expressed happiness. 'Sorry to disappoint you, Doc,' he said, 'but I don't want or need any of your pills to-day!' "

" 'What about those aches?', I asked with some indignation".

" 'It's that old Nigger Eneas. He's kept me sore a week,—sore and puzzled. How did Monday ever get to be Sunday, Hугee? That's the question Eneas has been worrying me with. I've searched my library from one end to the other, or the children have, but I don't seem to have the right reference book. I gave Eneas, finally a letter to Bob Toombs



over in Washington and sent a retainer, for I can't afford to let Eneas be beaten in this case or any other, and Eneas is up before his church on a charge of immorality. He came back with some sort of explanation, but I haven't been able to get the old rascal to talk,—that is, to me. He goes off behind the smoke-house or scuppernong vine and addresses his audience. Doc, it would make a goat cry,—that voice of his. Toombs has stuffed him so full of legal phraseology he spouts like one of his twelve fountains.' ”

“ ‘Is this what you dragged me away from church for?—’, I began.”

“ ‘You are *going to church*, not *away!*’, he said with one of his Tommey explosions, harmless enough first hand, but not when repeated. ‘Why, man! you are going to hear Eneas defend himself! It will be worth the trip.’ ”



“The Major is irrepressible as some of you know. I had to accept the situation and confess my ignorance of Monday’s mergence into Sunday.”

“ ‘He is charged with having violated some law of the church’, continued the Major. ‘You remember he married a woman over in Alabama when he was refugeeing with my trunk of silver. He calls her Yallerhama Sue. He has a potato patch and one Sunday morning about a month ago, being behind with his crop, he made Sue take a mule and plow it. Old Manuel, one of the elders, caught her in the act. Of course she passed the buck to Eneas, and they are trying him to-day. Look, Doc, yonder is the church and I hear singing! Come on! come on! it’s a log church, and we’ll get behind and watch through a crack!’ It was no trouble to ‘come on’, for he was whipping up the horse excitedly.”

“ ‘But why not go inside and take it easy?’ I asked.”

“ ‘Inside?’ You should have seen the face he turned to me; ‘I was a judge in one of these church trials some years ago, Doc; hot day like this, and it lasted two hours! Never again, never again! Besides our presence might cost Eneas his case.’ ”

“The skirt of pines was full of tied-out stock and vehicles. From the little church rolled forth on the peaceful Sabbath air a mighty chorus of voices, blending wonderfully, as Negro voices do. I felt repaid for my long ride when I followed the Major as he tiptoed up behind the church. He thought he was approaching gently. Branches crackled loudly beneath his feet and his breathing, alone, was enough to have betrayed us but for the volume of sound that rolled from the church.”

"The clay packing was gone from some of the broad cracks between the logs and to one of these the Major fixed an eye. Reaching back, all excitement, he caught my elbow, whispering loudly,"

" 'Look at him, Doc! look at him!' And I looked!" Doctor Hugee shook silently and rested his arm on the table.

"Eneas was facing us from the front bench not twenty feet away, his wrinkled countenance lit with a seraphic smile, his eyes closed and mouth open. On the volume of sound, his soft, musical voice floated as a leaf on a river's current. He was singing!"

" 'And not a wave of trouble rolled

" 'Across my peaceful breast.' "

" 'Doc, he's got him! he's got him!' ", whispered the Major, joyously, 'I know that look,—it's too innocent!' By 'him' he evidently meant Manuel, the prosecutor. Then



Eneas' eyes opened a bit, just enough to reflect a faint gleam and focussed on the crack between the logs. The gleam quivered a moment and the eyes closed. But the shadow of his Mona Lisa smile played elusively among the wrinkles of the old man's face when the hymn was ended. There was a shuffling of feet and Brother Thompson, who was conducting the service, leaned over the pulpit and said:"

" 'My frien's, a charge have been brought erginst one o' dis congergation an' hit's for you ter say ef he is guilty or he ain't! Looks ter me like he is! Brer Manuel, will you please state de exac' sin you is chargin' erginst Brer Enus Tommey.' "

"All eyes were turned to Manuel, who, as accuser, occupied a seat near the pulpit. He was a big, square jawed man, black, even for a full-blooded African, sullen, and now plain-



ly embarrassed by his sudden prominence. He arose, however, pulled himself together and stated his case loudly."

" 'He is scused o' breakin' de law o' dis hyah chutch! I seen 'is wife Yallerhama Sue er plowin' er mule one Sunday mornin'! She was er plowin' er patch er taters, an' hit was de patch Enus claims as his'n. I asked 'er,— 'Nigger' des so, 'Nigger, what for you plowin' dis hyah patch, an' hit Sunday?' An' she up an' flung back dat she was er plowin' hit because Enus made 'er plow hit'. Manuel dropped to his seat and silence ensued, broken at last by Elder Thompson."

" 'When was she er plowin' hit, Brer Manuel?' "

" 'She was er plowin' hit like I done tole you, on de secon' Sunday en May, an' erbout half hour ter twelve erclock!' "

" 'What you reply ter de charge, Brer

Enus? Is you guilty or is you not guilty? De witnesses is wid you!’—Elder Thompson had once been in court about a mule.”

“Then Eneas arose. My friends, I wish I could picture the pose of the old man! I can’t! You will have to imagine it! You know almost every old Negro imitates some white man in particular, and Eneas had caught a pose from his trip to the General’s that clung to him. Eneas stood up and looked around. His left hand was thrust into his trousers’ pocket and his chin was lifted. His back was half turned toward his accuser, and he looked over the heads of the people along the front row. Occasionally, during his questioning of the witness, his eyes sought theirs, friendly and confidential. His soft, musical voice carried as easily to every part of the church as to the crack behind which lurked the most appreciative of his audience.”

“ ‘I will ax de witness, what is wid me, fust what I am being arranged befo’ dis chutch for? What is de exact’ sin?’ He listened, chin in air.”

“ ‘You is arranged fer breakin’ Bible law!’, said Manuel, who felt the contempt of Eneas’ attitude and did not know how to resent it except by a show of indignation. ‘You got my answer!’ ”

“ ‘I got ’es answer!’, said Eneas sweetly. ‘Is de Bible de Lord’s law or de law o’ man? Answer me! Answer me!’ Manuel’s slow mind groped blindly for the trap before he replied.”

“ ‘Hit’s de Lord’s law! You got my answer!’ ”

“ ‘De Lord’s law!’, said Eneas pleasantly, still looking away, ‘de Lord’s law! Is dat what you said, Brer Manuel?—de Lord’s law?’ ”



“ ‘Dat’s what I said, dat’s what I said—I said,—you got my answer!’ ”, replied Manuel, who was apt to stammer a little under pressure.”

“ ‘Oh, yes!’, said Eneas, ‘I got yo’ answer. I am up hyar ter be tried fer breakin’ de Lord’s law ’cause I let Yallerhama Sue plow my patch on de Lord’s day,—wid Marse George’s old grey mule. I got yo’ answer, but I ain’t done makin’ *inquiries*. What day o’ de week does you mean when you say Sunday, Brer Manuel? Answer me! Answer me!’ ”

“ ‘I means Sunday,’ said Manuel, glaring at the little man’s face. ‘An’ hits de fust day o’ de week. You got my answer!’ ”

“ ‘Yes, I sho’ly got yo’ answer,’ said Eneas. ‘An I sho’ly got you long wid dat answer! I could claim demurrage an’ shet off de case right hyah.’ ”



“ ‘Claim what, Brer Enus?’, said Elder Thompson, looking over his horn rim glasses at the learned defendant.”

“ ‘Demurrage! Ain’t you never heah ’bout demurrage?’, said Eneas. ‘Demurrage is when you low dat all dey ses erbout you is spotly true, but ef hit is, hit don’t count unner de law. But I ain’t er claimin’ hit, Brer Thompson! I’m goin’ down ter de bottom o’ dis case! Brer Thompson, will you please read ’bout dat day, what’s layin’ heavy in Brer Manuel’s mind! I done turn down de place in de book I’m handin’ up! Hit’s whar de ten comman’ments is plainly ’spressed for de guidance of po’ weak man an’ ooman! Read hit out loud, Brer Thompson! Brer Manuel is er little hard o’ hearin’ when he ain’t talkin’ essef.’ Eneas took a little Bible from his pocket and passed it up to the Elder. Breathless silence reigned in the church and I

managed to shake the Major into a comparative calm, while Elder Thompson slowly deciphered part of the fourth commandment."

"*'Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord, thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work—'* "

"*'Stop right dere!',* said Eneas loudly, extending his hand dramatically, *'stop whar you is, Brer Thompson! Ain't no use ter go any deeper yit. De Book ses de *sebenth* am de sabbath an' hit scuses man fum work on dat day. De fust day o' de week was de day when de light an' de darkness was cut loose fum one ernuther, an' de sebenth day was de day o' rest—de las' day o' de week—Sadder-day. De day Yallerhama Sue was plowin' my taters was er Monday 'cordin' to de Book. How did Monday git ter be Sunday, Brer Manuel? Will you splain de change ter dis*

chutch? an' *whar was you* an' what was you doin' on de *sebenth* day? Answer me! Answer me!" Manuel glared straight ahead."

" 'Sunday is Sunday!', he said. 'De Discipline say hit's Sunday an' meks de stores all shet up!' Eneas smiled to the friendly of his hearers."

" 'But how 'bout de Book you is er tryin' me on? What do hit say? Answer me!' No answer being at hand, Eneas turned with a little cackle to Elder Thompson. 'Do hit say de fust or de *sebenth* day o' de week, Brer Thompson?' "

" 'Hit sho'ly do say de *sebenth*!', said Thompson, examining the text as carefully as though he had never before seen it."

" 'How many days in er week, Brer Thompson?' "

" 'Seben days, now,' said the Elder, 'des like dey was den.' "



“ ‘Den my frien’s,’ said Eneas, ‘I ain’t broke no law o’ de Bible. What de white folks does don’t count *hayah*. I see ’em ridin’ roun’ er Sunday, goin’ an’er comin’ ’bout deir own business an’ dey most’ly does as dey pleases all de week! Marse George Tommey is white folks an’ I don’t reckon he knows one day frum ernuther!’ ” Eneas’ eyes rested for an instant on the crack and this with a sudden profane explosion from the Major almost betrayed us, but I pulled him out of sight.”

“ ‘Pass Brer Manuel back de Book, Brer Thompson,’ continued Eneas. ‘Let him s’arch hit frum led ter led an’ fum kiver to kiver. Ef he find er word anywhar what ses er man or ooman can’t plow on de fust day o’ de week, den I’ll put or noo roof on dis house ef I has ter split de boards myse’f!’ Manuel took the book and put on a pair of



glasses as he gravely studied the text. Eneas glanced at him for the first time."

" 'De place you want is on de right han' side when de Book is top side up. Way you got hit now hit's over on de lef'. Manuel may have held the book right side up, but it mattered not. His mind was vainly searching for a weapon to combat the active old man who had the sympathy of the congregation."

" 'While Brer Manuel is lookin' fer light, my frien's,' said Eneas, 'lemme tell you he won't find none in dat Book dat'll do him any good 'less hit is de part what ses, somewhat, you mustn't bear false witness erginst yo' neighbor! Lemme tell you, too, if he hadder foun' in dem ten laws fum which Brer Thompson been er readin' dat de sebenth day o' de week was Sunday, he wouldn't er been any nigher gettin' me in er hole den he

is now, for I been had dese fac's pounded an' expounded by de Gen'l over in de nex' county, de stronges' man on all kinds o' law dat ever kep' er Nigger off de gang. Heah is de plain fac's o' de case, my dear frien's; de Book ain't never been change', but po' weak man,—he's been change'!—Brer Manuel, is yer foun' anything ter fit yo' side o' de case yet?—he ain't foun' nothin', my frien's but we'll give 'im mo' time. Keep hit up, Brer Manuel! Ef yer don' fin de light, mebbe you'll fin' er place ter light out.' "

"If the Major's noise outside attracted any notice, it was probably accepted as the sneeze of a horse. Only Eneas cackled a little and spun half way on his toes while the congregation tittered. 'My frien's,' he continued, taking everybody into his confidence, 'I gits dese fac's fum de smartes' white man what is, an' he got 'em fum twenty nine knee-high

books what run 'cross de back o' his room like er plank fence. In dem books, he tole me, dere is ev'y fac' dat's been foun' out since ole man Noray run es boat on de rocks 'bout 'leven thousan' years ago. An' 'hyah's de fac' what done mix up Brer Manuel. Way back yonner nobody kep Saturday fer deir chutch day 'ceptin de Jews an' de kin folks o' de Jews, which is us Niggers what come down fum Ham! De res' kep Sunday 'cause dey said deir pra'rs ter de sun! But de Jews, white an' black, all o' old man Noray's family clean down,—an' er scatterin' fringe of outsiders what done jined our chutch,—kept de law what ses de sebenth is de Sabbath. Hit sho'ly did mix up things an' make er heap o' trouble. 'Cause when er heathen man wid es fam'ly started out to chutch he didn't like ter pass Jew stores wide open an' be pulled in for trade an' hatter give up de



dimes he was totin' to drap in de box; an' de Jews, white an' black, didn't feel good to start to deir chutch an' run erginst er heathen ooman washin' her clo's in de branch an' hangin' em on de bushes; or er heathen man choppin' wood to cook wid! Hit not only los' er heep er time fum business, an' fum de crops, but hit made work in court ev'y week an' natch'ly kep de perleece busy. Well 'bout dis time o' de year, 'long 'bout fifteen er eighteen hundred years ergo,—'long befo' de wah,—dere was er man come erlong an' got essef 'lected King o' de Eas' an' de Wes'. An' when dis man saw what was de trouble, he set erbout ter fix on one day for ev'ybody's Sunday. He couldn't do nothin wid de heathen man 'cause you can't argify wid er heathen man, who mos'ly talks wid er axe or er bush hook; he sent word ter de Niggers what had done split off fum de Jews, an' de outsiders what done



jine our chutch, ter meet 'im. An' dey made er trade. De King was ter jine our chutch ef dey'd settle on Sunday fer chutch day; an' bless yo' soul, dey sho'ly jumped at de chanst. Hit was er big thing ter put er King unner water an' have him in de chutch. Mo' exspecially sence de Jews an' de heathen had done had our folks on de jump fer erbout er thousan' years. It was a big thing! Ef you had er King in dis chutch, hit wouldn't hold de crowd on Sunday, an' hit would be wuth de walk ter pass roun' de box fer coppers an' dimes. So dey took de King inter de fold an' put him unner water three times, an' when he come up de las' time, he shot one eye back at de heathen what was line' up on de fur side er de creek, an' he say in er mighty voice, 'fum now on, I comman' dat all people have one an' de same day for chutch,—Sunday; de day of de good ole Sun; de fust day o' de week! An' dem

what don't wanten go ter chutch on Sunday mus' shet de front door an' back door of deir shops, or come ter court nex' day! 'An' de heathen men knocked deir axes an' bush hooks tergether an' give de King a mighty shout 'cause Sunday was already deir chutch day, an' dey come ercross de creek an' et barbecue wid our folks an' dere was peace in de lan'. Hit's all down in de books, my frien's, des like I'm er tellin' hit. Dat's what de King said. So hit was de law o' dis King man what made our ole Monday de chutch day an' flung de Sabbath backinter de week. Is you foun' any light on yo' side, Brer Manuel? Keep on! Keep on! De Book ses hitself,—s'arch de Scriptur's!'" "

"Well, outside the church the Major was leaning against the wall fanning away apoplexy with his hat and occasionally I shook him as a matter of caution."

"We got back to the crack when the indig-

nant voice of Elder Thompson was heard:

“ ‘Hol’ on dere, Brer Enus, hol’ on er minute,’ he shouted, ‘dis chutch ain’t gointer let you move Sunday up an’ down de week cause you is got yo’sef in er scrape. We don’t know nothin’ ’bout de King you an’ de Gen’l hunted up. An’ we don’t know no Sunday but dis. I rules dat yistiddy was Saturday an’ termorrow is Monday an’ dat de Lord’s day lays in between ’em fust, las’ an’ all de time, call hit de fust day er call hit de las. We gointer stick ter Bible law, ’cause we know who made it! Ef you is done, hit looks mighty like you is er guilty man.’ Eneas’ right hand gesture, as he accepted the ruling, was perfect.”

“ ‘Hit don’t mek no diffunce ter me who made de new law, an’ I reck’n I’m springin’ too many fac’s on er busy man like you, Brer Thompson. We’ll des git back! we’ll des git



back. What I'm goin' ter tell you now is, I ain't broke dat commandment Moses proclify fum de mount. Brer Manuel, will you please let Brer Thompson have de Book ergin, des er minute, Brer Manuel, an' den you can git back to huntin'! Brer Thompson, will you please read de balance o' de law Moses proclify fum de mount? Tek hit up whar you lef' off. Don't pass a line ner step in yo' own track!—'no manner o' work!'—dar's whar you was! Thompson took the book and read sonorously."

*" 'Thou nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates!' "*

"Eneas looked about him, his face wreathed in smiles an' said, 'My frien's, has you alls ever heah'd dem words befo?—You, Aunt Chloe?—Unc' Pete?—Aunt Tempy?—Unc'



Silas ?—Unc' Rich ?—Unc' Jim ?—Unc' Mark ?—Aunt Silvey ?—Manse, has you heah'd 'em befo'? *All* o' you done heah'd em! Well, I'm goin' ter tell you de Book specifies you in ernuther place when hit ses you has eyes ter see an' you sees not; yeahs ter heah an' you heahs not. Hyah you is lettin' er ignunt ole man have me drug up befo' er meeting fer breakin' de Sabbath, when dere ain't er man, ooman or child hyah knowed dat de Sabbath was Sadderday, de day you all tuk' ever sence freedom ter go ter town an' stan' roun' on de corners an' trade an' swap lies. You natchully fell inter de habit o' knockin' off work on dat day 'cause your mammies an' daddies 'way back yonner knocked off! Only, dey went ter chutch! Brer Thompson, will you please read dem lines ergin? I done strayed off fum de p'int! Start whar you did,—'no manner o' work'

an' read de list!' Thompson read again the lines of the commandment."

" 'Now my frien's,' said Eneas, 'ter please Brer Manuel hyah, who is havin' er hard time wid his face down en es shirt tryin' ter work out how Monday got ter be Sunday, I'm gointer 'low dat our Sunday is de day Moses was talkin' erbout an' dat his word holds good for dat day,—de fust day o' de week. I ax you, Brer Thompson, I ax you, is dere anything in dem words what ses er man's *wife* shan't plow er patch on Sunday? — shan't work on Sunday? Look close, Brer Thompson. Dis is de agony er de case right hyah!' Thompson studied the text closely while the audience held its breath."

" 'No,' said he, at length. 'Hit expecially don't! Hit names de whole family an' de stranger what drapt in for Sunday dinner, but hit lef' out de man's wife!' Eneas' smile

disappeared, swallowed up in one broad grin."

" 'Ter be sho'! Ter be sho'!', he said. 'Somebody mus' cook an' clean an' 'ten' ter de chillun! Do hit say anything 'bout er mule, Brer Thompson?' "

" 'No,' said Thompson, with a look of wonder on his face, 'hit exspecially don't! Hit names ev'ything on de plantation but er mule!' "

" 'Ter be sho'! Ter be sho'!', said Eneas again. 'Mules mus' pull you alls ter chutch an' roun' erbout de settlement atter chutch! An' dere is de law. *Er man's wife and er man's mule is outside de law*. Dem men was wise back yonner! An' Moses, who writ de fust law, was a mighty man an' sho'ly he know'd what was comin' when he lef' out er man's wife an' er mule fum de law o' de chutch on Sunday,—he sho'ly did! He know'd



ef he didn't hit would be cold dinner Sunday an' walk ter chutch! He was er big man, Moses was. Him an' me travelled lots. I moved eroun' over in de Yallerhama deestric erbout eight years an' Moses travelled in de san' forty. But I reck'n I went funder an' seen mo'n Moses did.' "

" 'Moses had de Hebrew chillun wid him an' I had mine, but I got home, bless God, an' Moses give out on de road.' "

" 'Moses wore essef out climbin mountains, but me an' Lady Chain went eroun' 'em.' "

" 'Moses had er time wid dem Hebrew chillun. Dey was er onery, ongrateful passel an' strayed off ev'y time he turnt' es back. I wore mine out wid er hickory tell nair one o' 'em would slip off de hay in de wagon tell I give 'em de word.' "

" 'Er little Missey over yonner whar de sun sets an' whar I got los,' tuk er whole year an'



showed me how ter read erbout Moses. He was de man what was on my mind. He was refugeeing des like me an' I wanted ter know how he got out o' de wilderness. Missey ax me huccum I been preachin' an' can't read de law Moses handed down. She said she reck'n I must ter had er call. I tole her yessum I had two calls, one ter preach an' one ter pass roun' de hat, 'cause mine was er growin' fambly an' Lady Chain an' Chainlightnin' had ter be fed an' it was er long way thoo. I come thoo, but I had ter put fo' hundr'd an' ninety-two Niggers unner de water ter do it;—an' Chainlightnin' pickin' up er little change er-long de way.' ”

“ ‘But I ain't never blame' no man or no ooman fur workin' anytime. De trouble wid you Niggers an' some white folks ain't doin' er little work of er Sunday when yo' taters need rain; hit's not workin' de other six an'

when you has ter have rashuns, techen' de pen fur de white man in town!—Whar's Brer Manuel?' Manuel had ostensibly stepped out for water, but the church wag,—and there is always one present in the country church,—took advantage of the occasion to shout:"

" 'He's done gone home ter put es ole ooman ter plowin!' Everybody laughed! Manuel failed to get back and Eneas took the verdict for granted."

" 'Aunt Silvey,' he said, 'will you please raise de tune of dat good ole hime, 'When Moses Handed Down de Law?' Silvey raised the tune and in the swelling chorus, Eneas' case was forgotten. Outside, beneath the crack, the Major was sitting flat on the ground sobbing as he fanned, and I,—well, I was helping him."





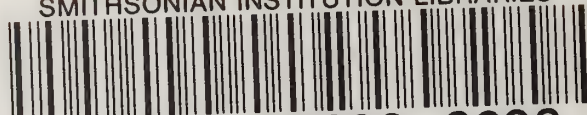








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